

MARK MILLAR • STEVE MCNIVEN

# WOLVERINE

OF THE X-MEN



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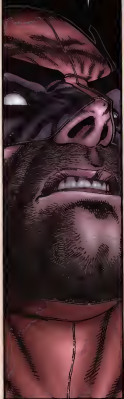


"YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED? YOU WANNA KNOW  
WHY I HAVEN'T POPPED  
MY CLAWS IN FIFTY YEARS?"

"WELL, IT ALL GOES BACK  
TO THE NIGHT THE VILLAINS  
GOT THEIR ACT TOGETHER, LIKE  
ALL OUR STUPID STORES."



WE NEED  
TO GET OUT  
OF HERE  
JUBILEE.  
NOW.



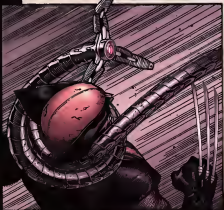
NO, YOU  
NEEDED TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE TWENTY  
MINUTES  
AGO.

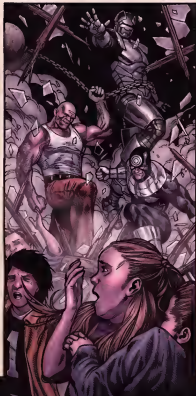


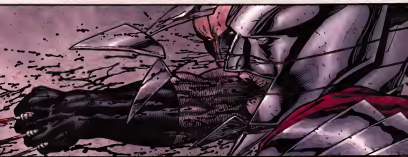


HELLO,  
WOLVERINE

THIS  
IS THE BIG  
ONE

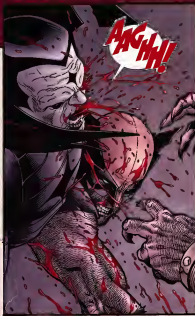


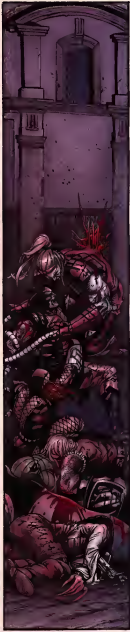
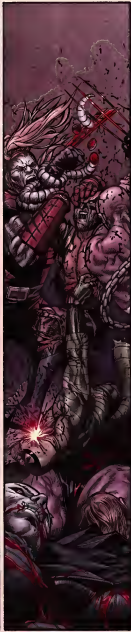
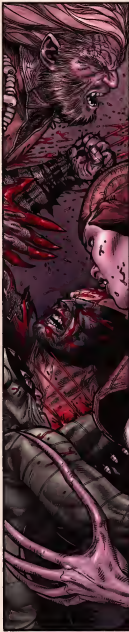






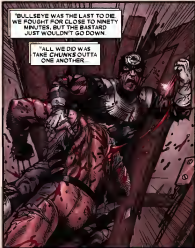






"BULLSEYE WAS THE LAST TO DIE. WE FOUGHT FOR CLOSE TO NINETY MINUTES, BUT THE BASTARD JUST WOULDN'T GO DOWN.

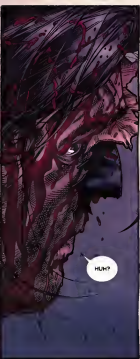
"ALL WE DID WAS TAKE CHUNKS OUTTA ONE ANOTHER...



"EVEN WITH HIS KNIVES IN MY BACK, ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS WHAT WAS GONNA COME OUT THERE. WHAT THEY'D DONE TO THE OTHER SUPER HEROES.

"...AND WHAT HE'D DO TO THE KIDS IF I DIDN'T SEIZE MY CHANCE."







A vertical comic book panel showing Mysterio in a dark, spiky suit with a large blue crystal eye. He is standing in a destroyed building with debris and smoke. In the foreground, a close-up of a person's face is shown, covered in blood and with a knife embedded in their forehead.

DO YOU  
REALLY THINK YOU  
COULD DO THIS ALONE?  
TAKE DOWN FORTY SUPER-  
VILLAINS? TALK ABOUT  
DELUSIONS OF  
GRANDEUR.

BUT YOUR  
FRIENDS, PEOPLE  
WHO WOULD  
HESITATE, THAT'S A  
DIFFERENT MATTER  
ENTIRELY.

A vertical comic book panel showing Mysterio from the chest up. He is wearing his dark, spiky suit with a large blue crystal eye that is glowing. He is surrounded by debris and smoke. Two speech bubbles are present.

MY NAME IS  
MYSTERIO, THE  
MASTER OF  
ILLUSIONS

MY THANKS  
ON BEHALF OF  
THE CRIMINAL  
COMMUNITY







YOU  
MURDERED  
THE X-MEN?

STABBED  
EVERY ONE OF 'EM  
RIGHT THROUGH THE  
HEART. BUT I DON'T KNOW  
IT WAS THEM. HAWKEYE  
HYSTERIO MADE 'EM LOOK  
AND FEEL, AND EVEN  
SMELL DIFFERENT.



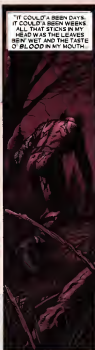
I SWEAR  
TO GOD.

I  
HAD NO  
IDEA.

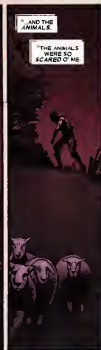


WHAT  
HAPPENED  
THEN?

WHO KNOWS?  
ALL I REMEMBER  
WAS WALKIN'  
THROUGH THE  
WOODS AND THE  
TREES SOBBIN'  
AN' CRYIN'



"IT COULD'A BEEN DAYS.  
IT COULD'A BEEN WEEKS.  
ALL THAT STICKS IN MY  
HEAD WAS THE LEAVES  
BEIN' WET AND THE TASTE  
O' BLOOD IN MY MOUTH.



"... AND THE  
ANIMALS.

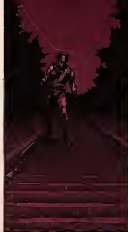
"THE ANIMALS  
WERE SO  
SCARED O' ME

"THE BATTLE OF VEGAS... THAT FINAL SHOWDOWN BETWEEN THE HEROES AND THE BAD GUYS. IT DIDN'T EVEN REGISTER, THEY BROKE ME SO BAD I COULDN'T EVEN THINK.

"ALL I WANTED WAS TO HURT MYSELF. PAY A PRICE FOR WHAT I'D DONE.

"SO I WAITED ON A FREIGHT TRAIN...

"AND KILLED WOLVERINE DEAD."



BUT A TRAIN COULDN'T KILL YOU, NOT WITH YOUR HEALING FACTOR.



NO, BUT IT HURT...

...AND SOMETIMES THAT'S ENOUGH.





A large, vertical close-up of Wolverine's face. He has a weary expression, with a single tear visible on his cheek. His claws are extended from his fingers, partially obscuring his eyes.

NOW YOU  
JUST TRY TELLIN'  
ME WOLVERINE DON'T  
DESERVE TO DIE. YOU  
JUST TRY TELLIN' ME I  
BEEN A FOOL TO HIDE  
THESE CLAWS FOR  
FIFTY YEARS.

A close-up of Old Man Logan. He has a long, grey beard and wears round, wire-rimmed glasses. The background is dark with some red sparks or embers floating in the air.

I  
WOULDN'T  
DARE.

A medium shot of Old Man Logan. He is looking down and slightly to the side, with his hand near his face. The background is dark and rocky.

I'M A FARMER  
NOW, HAWKEYE. THESE  
HANDS DON'T DO NUTHIN'  
CEPT TEND THE LAND.

SO DON'T EVEN  
THINK ABOUT ASKIN'  
ME TO FIGHT AGAIN. YOU  
HEAR ME? I WILL  
NEVER HURT ANOTHER  
LIVIN' SOUL.

A wide shot of a camp at night. A bright fire burns in the center, casting a warm glow. Several small figures are visible around the fire. In the background, there are jagged, dark rock formations under a dark sky.

YOUR CALL,  
BROTHER.

DWIGHT'S TOLL

EIGHTY CENTS  
TO CROSS THE RIVER.  
GUYS, PAY UP OR I SIC  
THE ANTS ON YA

THIS IS A  
JOKE?

EIGHTY CENTS OR THE ROAD  
ENDS HERE. MAN, I GOT A  
MILLION LITTLE FRIENDS TO  
BACK ME UP. ALL THEY  
WAITIN' ON IS DWIGHT TO  
GIVE THE WORD.

EIGHTY  
CENTS, DWIGHT  
NOW STAY OUTTA  
TROUBLE,  
HUH?

MUCH  
OBLIGED, MISTER  
BARTON. HAVE A  
GOOD ONE, SR.

WAS HE  
SERIOUS?

OH, DWIGHT'S  
ALWAYS SERIOUS.  
TRUST ME, MAN.

THAT WAS  
EIGHTY CENTS  
WELL SPENT.

DOOM'S HEAD, ILLINOIS:



THAT STORY  
YOU TOLD ME, MAN.  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
YOU BACK IN  
WESTCHESTER...

WELL, I'M  
SORRY FOR MAKING  
YOU DO THE LOGAN.  
IF I'D KNOWN WHAT  
YOU'D BEEN  
THROUGH...



FORGET  
ABOUT IT,  
BUB.



THE PAST  
ONLY HURTS IF  
WE LET IT CATCH  
UP WITH US.



NEXT ISSUE: VENOM STRIKES!

**LUCY BUTLER  
OWNS YOUR SOUL**



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